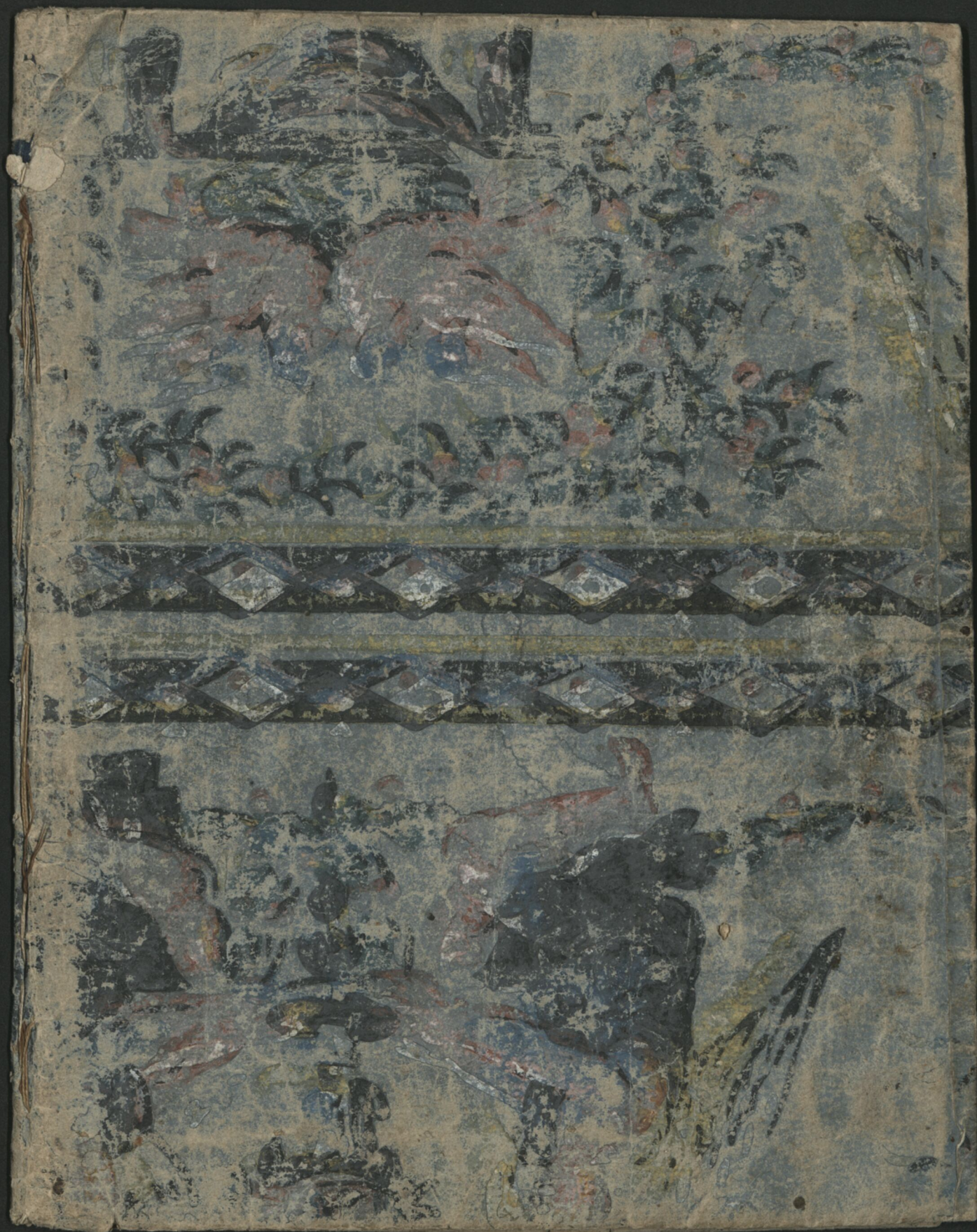






|                      |    |   |    |
|----------------------|----|---|----|
|                      | 54 | 3 | 12 |
| baops of Hops        | 8  | 2 | 15 |
| and each of the rest | 0  | 2 | 25 |
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|                      | 0  | 2 | 25 |
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Weights?

nations are as

the . . . 1 scruple  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz  
 . . . 1 dram  $\frac{1}{8}$  oz  
 . . . 1 Ounce  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz  
 . . . 1 Pound 16 lb

|    |    |   |    |     |
|----|----|---|----|-----|
| lb | 3  | 3 | lb | grs |
| 23 | 10 | 6 | 2  | 13  |
| 76 | 4  | 1 | 0  | 7   |
| 61 | 8  | 4 | 1  | 11  |
| 38 | 3  | 3 | 1  | 4   |
| 47 | 7  | 6 | 2  | 17  |

To m

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Just a



To the worthy William Penn late Governor  
of Pennsylvania

I ~

Cease my Friends, lament no more,  
He's landed on the eternal Shore  
Where he'll forever rest;  
How little Cause have we to mourn  
Tho he must never back return  
Since he's forever blest.

II ~

O A Christian true he lived & died,  
Since Jesus Christ was on his side  
He lov'd to hear his Voice;  
And now perhaps he sits & sings  
Hosanna to the King of Kings  
Whilst Angels do rejoice.

'Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd



Addressed to a Young Lady

Sweet stream that winds through yonder glade  
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—  
Silent and chaste she steals along  
Far from the world's gay busy throng,  
With gentle yet prevailing force  
Intent upon her destined course,  
Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,  
Pure-bosomed as that wat'ry glass  
And heav'n reflected in her face.

Hope, of all passions most befriends us here:  
Passion of prouder name befriend us less.  
Joy has her tears, and Transport has her death;  
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,

Man's heart, at once, inspires and serene.

On the  
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Nor fo  
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The fir  
Oft did  
Bright  
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And  
Death  
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On the Death of Jabez Maud Fisher.

Ah shalt thou Fisher unregarded die,  
Nor from one bosom steal the pitying sigh  
From thy sad exit thousands shall receive  
A better Lesson than thy Life could give  
Admired, and flattered, by the rich & gay  
Thy life unthinking, Idly passed away  
Oft in the whirl of folly hast thou been  
The first to mingle in the giddy scene  
Oft did thy wit with brilliant lustre shine  
Bright as the polished produce of the mine  
But fairest flowers by wintry blast will die  
And fumes proud votaries in the grave must lie  
Death views with scorn the joys that mortals prize  
Nor gold nor grandeur charms his savage eyes  
Where'er he comes a desolated band

glade

Man's heart, at once, in spirits and serenely.



Weep round the couch, and at the pillow stand  
But weep in vain, the unrelenting power  
With cruel swiftneſs ſpeeds the fatal hour  
Soon in the breaſt of Fiſher fixt his dart  
And unſuſpected rankled in his heart  
Short was his time, for recollection given  
And ſhort the period to prepare for heaven  
In that dread moment when the vital fire  
Shone faintly dim as ready to expire  
Could they bright talents balmy comfort bring  
Not death of terrors or the graves of ſting  
Point a ſmooth paſſage to the ſilent tomb  
And open pleaſures in a world to come  
Ah theſe are vain for horly are we told  
That death regards not beauty wit nor gold  
Wealth, that in all things elſe exerts its way

Must  
Death  
Humb  
To Fi  
For me  
And p  
And  
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But p  
And  
And  
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His pur



Must the stern tyrants stronger power obey  
Death levels all things in the gloomy Grave  
Humbles the haughty monarch with the slave  
To Fishers memory let a tear be given  
For meek eyed Charity was sent from heaven  
And for his death shall youth & virgins sigh  
And aged matrons wipe the tearful eye  
Then look around and think that life is vain  
A scene of care anxiety and pain  
But fear like him to meet an early tomb  
And rush from life in beauties fairest bloom  
And should we give to humoring reason way  
His mental powers had claimed a longer stay  
But heaven best knows to fix our mortal span  
And points the date to all misjudging man  
To blast the rose ere half its sweets are known  
And crop the flower before tis fully blown  
Beauty is vain & wit a transient blaze  
His pure religion lives the Life of praise



Secures our hopes and seats our prospects high  
Seals our pretention to our native sky  
On every coast in every varying clime  
Withstands the wreck of all subduing time  
Lives in the heart supports when ills assail  
And smooths the roughness of the adverse gail  
Can blunt the shaft which keen misfortune throws  
And hush the sobs of anguish to repose  
Vain are all tears and vain our longest span  
For virtue only is the Friend of man  
From thy most awful exit may we learn  
To prize the time that never will return  
To use the moments which so swiftly fly  
And ere we know to live prepare to die.

Lydia Coffin's Book Nantucket. 1808

Med

Sweet muse, and  
And

Business and  
And

But hence,  
Mine

No Phillis  
With

Jesus has all  
My

He the dear  
Shall

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to die.  
tucket. 1808

## Meditation in a Grove.

Sweet muse, descend and bless the shade,

And bless the evening Grove;

Business and noise! and day are fled

And every care! but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair

Mine is a purer flame;

No Phillis shall infect the air

With her unhallow'd name.

Jesus has all my powers possess'd,

My hopes, my fears, my joys:

He the dear sovereign of my breast,

Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above

Shall flock around my song



With joy, to hear the name thy love  
Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,  
And hold the falling floods,  
While silence sits on every bough,  
And bends the listening woods

I'll carve our passion on the bark  
And every wounded tree  
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark  
That Jesus dy'd for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read  
Inscrib'd on all the grove,  
That Heav'n itself came down and bled  
To win a mortal's love.

CO

Ye woe

These

From

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# Contemplations.

Ye woods and vales receive me to your shade  
These still retreats my contemplation aid  
From mortals flying to your chaste abode  
Let me attend the instructive voice of God  
He speaks in all and is in all things found  
I hear him I perceive all around  
In nature's lovely and unblemish'd face  
With joy his sacred lineaments I trace  
O glorious being O supremely fair  
How free how perfect thy productions are  
Forgive me while with curious eyes I view  
Thy works and boldly thus thy steps pursue  
Thy silent valley and thy lonely grove  
I haunt but O is thee I seek and love  
'Tis not the chant of birds or whispering breeze



But thy soft voice I seek among the trees  
Invoking thee by silver streams I walk  
To thee in solitary shade I talk  
I speak thy dear lov'd name nor speak in vain  
Kind echoes long the pleasing sound retain  
Reviving sweets the opening flowers disclose  
Fragrant the violet and the budding rose  
But all their balmy sweets from thee they steal  
And of the some what to my sense reveal  
Fair look the stars and fair the morning ray  
When first the fields their painted scenes display  
Glorious the sun in his meridian height  
And yet compar'd to thee how faint the light  
Ador'd artificer what skill divine  
What wonders in the wide creation shine  
Order and majesty adorn the whole  
Beauty and life and thou the inspiring soul,

Whatever  
On all  
But oh  
To huma  
Fancy ge  
Ow thou

The

From gu  
The virtue  
Aurora  
The early  
Now to  
Which



Whatever grace or harmony's express'd  
On all thy works the God is there confess'd  
But oh of all thy works how small a part  
To human minds is known of what thou art  
Fancy gives o'er its flight in search of thee  
Our thoughts are lost in thy immensity.

## The Virgins muse.

From guiltless dreams prepar'd to pray,  
The virtuous maid salutes the day;  
Aurora blushes when she sees  
The early virgin on her knees  
Now to her morning task she flies  
Which Pallas views with envious eyes.



## Inackostic.

Touchsafe Virtue steadily to steer,  
In life my course and let me seldom err  
Recline to ease not know to vulgar throng,  
Thro lifes still paths, still let me slide along  
Unknown to pleasure let me still pursue;  
Each sacred path that vulgar never knew.

## Religion

Religion prompts us to a future State,  
The last Appeal from Fortune and from Fate;  
Where Gods all-righteous ways will be declar'd  
The Bad meet punishment, the Good reward.  
Nantucket South School 7<sup>mo</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 1808.

## The rep

Warm from  
These lines de  
They met their  
So just a witne  
Ah might the  
Ere the dread  
How many Y  
Unknown b  
Oh how an r  
Pursuing gila  
Yet every gif  
Receiv'd the b  
But this gre  
Who in the



C.  
The reply to Job Scott's letter.

Warm from the heart and to the heart address;  
These lines dear Friend were welcome to my breast,  
They met their witness there surprised to find  
So just a witness of my wavering mind,  
Ah might they rouse the spark which content lies;  
Ere the dread shadows of the evening rise.  
How many Years in trifling have been past  
Unknown but every year might be the last.  
Oh how unwise to waste the precious hours  
Pursuing gilded Flies or gathering flowers  
Yet every gift creative power bestow'd;  
Received the blessed sanction all is good.  
But this great Truth tis they alone shall prove  
Who in the narrow path of virtue move



'Tis they can pluck the Flower beside the way;  
Can pluck the tempting flowers yet not delay  
'Twas he that could whom I most long deplore  
But Ah! that tender Parent is no more.

## An Epitaph.

Beneath this tomb an infant lies  
To earth whose body lent,  
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,  
But not more innocent.

When the Archangel's trumpet shall blow  
And souls to bodies join,  
What crowds shall wish their lives below  
Had been as short as thine.

Lydia Coffins Book. 1808.

Four Ophelia  
And a poor  
With bitter  
With a poor  
A tender  
No earthly  
Ah! disme  
Death does  
Come dry y  
For god men  
He is the  
He to the  
A Father  
Of a kind  
A kind  
That from  
Nor slight  
But join  
e and then



Four Orphans of a Father dear bereft,  
And a poor Widow too Lamenting left;  
With bitter tears Laments her partner gone,  
With a poor son no more to return;  
A tender Brother too lies in the grave,  
No earthly Powers class their Lives could save;  
Ah! dismal scene which late has spread around,  
Death does invade! O what a solemn sound;  
Come dry your tears my Friend suppress your Grief,  
For god methinks will quickly send relief;  
He is the King of Kings the God of Love,  
He to the Widow will a Husband prove;  
A Father to the children that's bereft,  
Of a kind Parents and poor Orphans left  
A kind Guardian their infant steps to Guide,  
That from his precepts they may never slide;  
Nor slight the counsel of their blessed Lord,  
But join to serve him all with one accord  
And then at last when time shall be no more,



Resound his praise on that Eternal Shore,  
May the kind reader to those lines persue,  
With generous Candour all my faults excuse, P  
Phoebe Andrews

### An Elegy

Alas my friends what sound is this I hear  
The solemn tolling bell alarms mine ears  
It is a blooming youth cut off so soon  
Her morning sun is down before tis noon  
It is a youthful maid consigned to dust  
Her soul we hope resides among the just  
Imperial pleasures therefore to enjoy  
Where nothing can her happiness annoy  
The heavenly angels her companions be  
Their grief and sorrow never more to see  
Ye tender parents dear suppress your grief  
To God alone my friends can yield relief  
True consolation from our God is sent

To heal the  
A modest  
Which you  
But now to  
On seraph  
And left  
Low in the  
And cruel  
Commands  
The king of  
Which can  
Three sist  
And par  
We all ar  
Thou sacred  
A mournful  
A solemn  
On her gro



To heal the wounded heart when tears are spent  
A modest air adorned her comely face  
Which joined in union with an inward grace  
But now her youthful soul has took its flight  
On seraph wings through eternal shades of night  
And left her body turned to corps of clay  
Low in the silent grave it here must lie  
And cruel death that rules with Sovereign sway  
Commands her body to the mouldering clay  
The king of terror sent his fatal dart  
Which caused to her parents dear  
Three sisters left her death for to deplore  
And parents dear to mourn their troubles o'er  
We all are in the common lot confined  
Thou sacred muse in sacred weed I send  
A mournful elegy I here have penned  
A solemn funeral song I've here composed  
On her whose eye grim death hath lately closed



I am in haste and shortly must conclude  
For fear that on your patience I intrude.

Composed on the death of Nancy Mooers.  
by Phebe Andrews

An Acrostic on Sarah Coffin who departed this  
life the Eleventh day of the Eleventh<sup>th</sup> 1840  
aged sixteen years nine months & nine days,  
She is soon Transplanted on that Endless shore  
Amidst ten Thousands to return no more  
Relieved from earths Enchantments & set free  
A Tender Flower and lovely Maid was she;  
Happy I hope now rais'd on high no more <sup>to die</sup> to sorrow or  
Grave not her presence in this world of woe  
Or wish she'd staid to taste the Tears that flow  
For him that made her saw it must be so  
For all that's called by him must surely go  
I'm in fond hopes she is reigning with the just  
Now blest on high tho sleeping in the dust.

An address to

Now may  
Dry up her  
And wit

Unto her

That Heed

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Mountain

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I've mourn'd

Tho this to



An address to a Mother bereft of her Daughter

Now may the pensive Mother dear  
Dry up her Trickling tears

And witness that Sustaining Power  
Unto her heart most near,

That Heavenly love, that deals the blow  
And fixt the pointed dart

Tho great the Mercy it is so  
That Anguish fills the heart,

I'm one that's drank, the bitter cup  
And feels the Poignant Woe  
And Shrank beneath the chilling blast  
Mountainous Sorrow too

Three Tender lambs, Consigned to death  
But this the least of all  
I've mourn'd to see departing breaths  
Tho this to me was small



Compared to conflicts Deeply borne  
Inflicted from on High  
Have been Compel'd to cease my mourn  
And fit my Soul to die

Humbly Submissive, to his will  
Who makes our Sorrows joy  
And by those Sorrows doth fulfill  
This word without annoy

May thou dear Friend, Accept these lines  
Impel'd by Sympathetic Love  
That Feeling which no Fellow knows  
Sweet Saviour from above

And with myself breathe forth his praise  
The Attributes, and Justice of our God  
Acknowledge Wisdom, in his ways  
And his the hand that lifts the rod.

An eAcro

Sudden c  
Amidst th  
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And mee  
Happy th  
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Our hopes  
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Now number

Death at a  
He brings his  
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The heavies



An Acrostic On Sarah Coffin

Sudden changes, Mortals know,  
Amidst their youthful Bloom,  
Resign they must, tis surely so,  
And meet an Early Tomb,  
Happy the Victim of lifes Flower  
Charged from this Tribulated Woe  
Our hopes are that, the Heavenly power  
Form'd her its joys to know  
Fix'd in that love, Divinely bright  
I hope she, circled round, <sup>in the ground</sup>  
Now numbered with the Sons of light, the Breathing

On Death

Death at a distance we but slightly fear  
He brings his terrors as he draws more near  
Though poverty, pain, Slavery, we drudge on  
The worst of beings better please than none  
No price too dear to purchase life and Breath  
The heaviest Burthen easier borne than Death



Sarah Coffin

Day is it so, that she has gone  
Among the myriads above the sun  
Reflect not on so short a stay  
As tho, we could command the Day  
Heaven calls & she must go  
Ceasing from all things here below  
Oh that this, a warning may be  
For youth to look around them & see  
For them to fix their hearts on God  
In that eternal world above  
Now before they are riped in the bud.

Fragrant the rose is, but it fades in time  
The Violent sweet, but quickly past the prime  
White lilies hang their Heads and soon decay  
And whiter snow in minutes pass away  
Such and so withering are our early joys  
Which Time, or sickness, speedily destroys.

Laban Paddack was spoke of to Mary Inman,  
the 24 day of October 1811.

To Mrs Inman

to acquaint you of  
you will hear in  
month about 60  
our boats for wha  
boats stove by one  
another, and I saw  
the whale and  
be sensible li  
threwed it to  
groan, it is v  
the nearest fri  
more to you to  
to you by  
God to call from  
hope and trust  
changing scen  
peaceful phos



Coast of Patagonia March 12<sup>th</sup> 1840

To Mrs Swain

I now sit down to write a few lines to you to acquaint you of our misfortune, which I make no doubt you will hear ere this comes to hand, the 21<sup>st</sup> of last month about 6 o'clock in the morning we lowered down our boats for whale we had the misfortune to have both our boats stove by one whale so that we could not help one another, and I surmise that Capt Swain was hurt by the whale and how bad I can't judge but he seemed to be sensible till the last moment, he took off his hat throwed it towards the boat and expired without a groan, it is very hard to part one I so much esteem'd the nearest friend I had by sea, I surmise it must be more to you to part with all that was near and dear to you by Nature; as it has pleased Almighty God to call from you one that was near by nature, I hope and trust he will direct you through all the changing scenes of Life, until you arrive on that peaceful shore where parting will be no more,



Two precious maidens who were in their bloom  
 Were called by Death into the darksome tomb  
 Stand and consider then you must die  
 And like old age their immortal soul must fly  
 My faithful friend on Lions happy shore  
 With loud hosanna sings his praises ore  
 In love they lived in love resigned their breath  
 And at the last expressed their Love in death  
 To heedless youth let this a warning be  
 To be prepared to all Eternity  
 And then at last with golden harps above  
 Rejoicing sing their great redeemers love  
 And when he comes and rends the vaulted skies  
 We'll call him blessed holy just and wise

Composed by Phebe Andrews

Lydia Coffins Book 1811

Let your recreations be short and diverting

A pathetic and  
 to a <sup>faithful</sup> Fatherless

My dear Husband

with painful and  
 which parted you  
 at learning you  
 had settled with  
 for your sake I  
 earnest entreat  
 I thought sincere  
 for our little one  
 brought up in  
 lament the dis  
 riches which I had  
 what are riches  
 affection I dep  
 the frailty wh  
 will, I am sure  
 in misery. Bu



A pathetic and Elegant letter from a deserted wife with  
to a <sup>faithless</sup> ~~Fatherless~~ Husband written a few years since

My dear Husband

I who expected your return from America  
with painful anxiety, who had counted the slow hours  
which parted you from me think how I was shocked  
at learning you would return no more and that you  
had settled with a mistress in a distant state it was  
for your sake I lamented You went against my  
earnest entreaties but as it was with a desire which  
I thought sincere to provide a genteel maintenance  
for our little ones whom you could not bear to see  
brought up in the evils of poverty I might now  
lament the disappointment in not sharing the  
riches which I hear you have amassed but I scorn it  
what are riches compared with the delight of sincere  
affection I deplore the loss of your Love I deplore  
the frailty which has involved you in error and  
wile, I am sure as such mistaken conduct must terminate  
in misery. But I mean not to remonstrate it is Alas!

K 1811



too late I only write to acquaint you with the health  
and some other circumstances of myself and those  
little ones whom you once loved the house you left me  
in could not be supported without an expence which  
the small sum you left behind could not well supply  
I have relinquished it and retired to a neat little  
cottage from town We make no pretensions to  
Elegance but live in great neatness and by strict  
economy supply our moderate wants with as much  
comfort as our desolate situation will allow.

Your presence my love would make the little cottage  
a palace. Poor Emily who has grown a fine girl and  
has been working a pair of ruffles for you and as she sits  
by my side often repeats with a sigh when will dear  
papa come home the others are constantly asking  
me the same question and the first syllable my  
infant uttered was when will my dear dada come  
home sweet fellow he is sitting on his stool by my

side and as  
for papa we  
are frequently  
particular  
I do assure y  
cause of your  
myself to be  
return though  
which I hid  
which I suffer  
mention you  
ardour of affect  
a petition for  
giving them a  
acquire med  
as to english  
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the health  
and those  
you let me  
ence which  
t well supply  
neat little  
ions to  
nd by strict  
with as much  
allow.

the little cottage  
line girl and  
as she sits  
er will dear  
tly asking  
ble my  
da come  
ol by my

side and as he sees me drop a tear asks me why I weep with  
for papa will come home soon he and his two brothers  
are frequently riding on your walking cane and take  
particular delight in it because it is papa's and  
I do assure you I never open my lips to them on the  
cause of your absence but I cannot prevail upon  
myself to bid them cease to ask when you will  
return though the question frequently extorts a tear  
which I hide in a smile and wrings my soul  
which I suffer in silence. I have taught them to  
mention you in their morning prayers with the greatest  
ardour of affection, and they always add of themselves  
a petition for your speedy return. I spend my time in  
giving them instructions and do not chuse they should  
acquire meanneps and vulgarity at a low one  
as to english they read alternately three hours every morning  
the most celebrated poets and prose writers and can write  
though not an elegant, yet a very plain and eligible  
hand do not my dear imagine that the employment

Sum of man he unknown should prove.



is to some it affords me a sweet consolation in your  
absence indeed if it were not for those little ones I am afraid  
I should not support it. I think it will be a satisfaction to  
you to hear that by retrenching our want and expenses  
we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy and tho' poor we are  
not unhappy from the want of any thing. Pardon my interrupting  
you I mean to give you satisfaction though I am deeply injur'd by your  
error I am not resentful I wish you all the happiness you are capable  
of and am yours for ever love and affectionate Emelia

### Epitaph on a young woman

In dawn of life she wisely sought her God;  
And the straight path of thorny virtue trod.  
Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend;  
Beloved by all, to all the good a friend:  
The bad she censur'd by her life alone;  
Blind to their faults severe upon her own  
In others griefs a tender part she bore;  
And with the needy shared her little store.  
At distance view'd the world with pious dread  
And to Gods temple for protection fled  
There sought that peace which heaven alone can give  
And learned to die ere others learned to live.

The following is an  
A young woman to  
her husband to  
My dearest  
To write a line  
Some words of  
Which I shall  
I have lived to  
And always  
And love and  
But now it  
For I am going  
e th! every  
For so it is  
Into a foreign  
Since so it is  
Why should  
Since now  
From all her  
But since  
My father and  
And all my friends  
And to my  
But if that



The following is an Extract of some Lines written just before  
A young woman took her leave of her relations to proceed with  
her husband to some distant clime

My dearest Friend I take my pen  
To write a line or two

Some words of truth to age and youth

Which I shall leave with you

I have lived to the age of twenty two

And always liv'd in peace

And love and harmony with you

But now it all must cease

For I am going to leave you all

And every former friend

For so it is my lot of all

Into a foreign land.

Since so it was order'd by the Lord

Why should we grieve at heart

Since woman for her husband dear

From all her friends must part

But since it was the lane of god

My father and Mother to leave

And all my friends and native place

And to my Husband cleave.

But if that he unkind should prove.



When from my friends I have strayed  
Then mournfully to solitude  
My visit should be paid  
Through lonely groves & lonesome woods  
I'd wander all alone  
No company should be with me  
But with the dove I'd mourn  
Sometimes down by the water side  
I'd sit in contemplation  
And when I'd made my peace with God  
Forewell to every Nation  
When I do leave Native shore  
And cross the raging sea  
When stormy winds and billows roar  
Then pray to God for me  
For he alone sits on his throne  
To govern land and sea  
In him we must put all our trust  
And then we safe shall be  
Forewell my Father's mother kind  
Brother and sister dear  
Uncles and aunts relations all  
And neighbours living near  
If neer I see your face again

As long as time do last  
Hope I shall another day  
When all things here have past.

Dear Sister  
I write these  
is most deplorable  
living I hope  
things more than  
my eyes to thin  
backs upon the  
disagreeable to  
would be more  
Godess she is  
slighted her be  
go far beyond  
in peace and  
world a spend  
I have spent  
to help my self



London June 5<sup>th</sup> 1795

Dear Sister

I write these lines to let you know of my situation which is most deplorable, I am the most miserable of any creature living I hope these lines will find your mind on heavenly things more than mine is while I am writing tears flow from my eyes to think my dear parents were so cruel to turn their backs upon their only son because he loved a girl that was disagreeable to them Oh! could I be in her company one hour it would be more to me than a thousand elsewhere, for she is like some Goddess she is worthy of any lord or knight although my parents slighted her because she was poor. she possesses that which will go far beyond treasure or beauty. Can they lay down their heads in peace and know they have a poor son rumbling in the wicked world a spending as he goes and a poor hermite on earth.

I have spent what little I had and now I have not a copper to help myself to and when I sit down and think on the

As long as time do last  
I hope I shall another day  
When all things here have past.



A  
When  
The place  
The shap  
Did take  
Such hor  
Such fore  
Set great  
And made  
To Man  
Deceiv  
Nature  
And pleas  
Tis pleas  
To simple  
Here she  
And pleas



A Riddle

When I came from my native place  
The place where I was ~~born~~ bred

The sharpest edge the keenest blade  
Did take from me my head  
Such horrid drink that I did drink  
Such force in me it had

Set great princes at the bate bait  
And made true lovers glad. O, take  
To Mary's <sup>Mary's Bower</sup> bower haste away,  
Decked with many a fragrant flower,  
Nature smiles and all is gay,  
And pleasure calls to Mary's bower.  
Tis pleasure calls and love invites,  
To simple nature give the hour,  
Here she spreads her soft delights,  
And pleasure calls to Mary's bower.



From lands beyond the vast Atlantic tide,  
Celestial Freedom's most beloved abode:

Panting I climb the mountains craggy side,  
And view the wondrous works of Nature's God.

Where yonder summits peering to the skies,  
Beholds the earth beneath it with disdain;  
"O'er all the regions round I cast my eyes,  
And anxious sought my native home in vain.

As to that native home - which still enfolds  
Those youthful friendships to my soul so dear,  
Still you my parents, in its bosom holds -  
As fancy flew, I felt the starting tear.

Then, in the rustling of the morning wind,  
Methought I heard a spirit whisper fair,  
Pilgrim forbear, still upward raise thy mind,  
Look to the skies - the native home is there.

## Verses Board a

Alma mater  
To follow  
And let the  
In trust

To parents  
Not from  
For we'll be  
What is

Then strive  
Apparatus  
That we may  
The first

In strict  
Must  
No need  
Examp



Verses composed by Eliza Proctor on  
Board a ship addressed to Mary Proctor

<sup>1</sup>  
Now 'tis time to bid adieu  
To follies and to toys  
And let the childish years that's flew  
In trifles vain suffice.

<sup>2</sup>  
To parents due obedience pay  
Nor frown tho' thou art chid  
For well thy countenance betrays  
What in thy heart is hid

<sup>3</sup>  
Then strive my sister strive to meet  
Applause in every part  
That we may all with pleasure greet  
The feelings of thy heart.

<sup>4</sup>  
In strict obedience this great change  
Must have its origin  
No need hast thou abroad to range  
Examples are within.



In strict sister Lydia see how sweet  
 How soft compliance is  
 The rose would blush upon her cheek  
 If ever she did a sciss.

6

A sister too will stand thy friend  
 Tho' thy resentment swell.

7

Industry then will help to bring  
 About this reformation  
 Employ thy needle brace thy chin  
 And take it in consideration. H.S.H.

## To young ladies

Trust not too much your now resistless charms  
 Those age or sickness soon or late disarm  
 Good humor only teaches charms to last  
 Still makes more conquests and maintains the past.

L C L C



## Reflections at Sunrise

Behold the glorious king of day  
Send forth his messengers of light,  
(Chasing the gloom of night away)  
I announce his near approach so bright.  
Behold upon the eastern sky,  
Aurora's Chariot mounting high.

The rising sun in all its glory,  
Advancing now with radiance gleams;  
The once bright moon looks pale and hoary,  
Giving back her borrowed beams:  
But when this glorious sun has set,  
Her borrowed beams will light us yet.

So it was in ancient days  
That mild religion reigned on earth,  
And cast around her feeble rays,  
Untill our dear redeemers rays, birth,  
But could not pierce with her weak light,  
Through superstition's gloomy night.



When heavens dawning came in grace,  
To enlighten a dark world,  
Black superstition hid her face,  
And from her lofty state was hurled;  
And on that great and glorious day,  
How dusty vapours fled away.

Although this glorious sun has set,  
And closed a day supremely bright  
Although he has departed yet  
He left us not deprived of light.  
Beams that are borrowed from the Lord,  
Does sweet religion now afford?

### The Pearl

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,  
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears  
Not the bright stars which nights blue arch adorn  
No rising suns that gild the vernal morn  
Shine with such lustre as the tears that break  
For others we down virtues manly cheek. L C



# Shipwreck.

With grief overwhelmed we parted twice in vain  
And, urged by strong attraction, met again  
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,  
While tender passion streamed in either heart  
Our eyes transfixed with agonizing looks,  
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took  
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,  
Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft.  
She to her silent couch retired to weep  
While her sad swain embarked upon the deep.

Source of true happiness  
The happiness of human kind  
Consists in rectitude of mind  
A will subdued to reason's sway,  
And passions practised to obey;  
An open and a generous heart,  
Refined from selfishness and art  
Patience which mocks at fortune's power  
And wisdom neither sad nor sour?

Lydia

break  
L C



# Friendship

Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!  
As well were man an Angel might begot.

Lorenzo!

Love, & love only, is the loan for love.

Lorenzo! paid'st thyself; now hope to find  
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee?  
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;  
And this makes friends such Miracles below.

## (From Emma's Wreath.)

The chilling gale that nipp'd the rose,  
Not murmuring sinks to soft repose;  
The shadowy vapors sail away,  
Upon the silvery floods of day;  
Health breaths on every face I see,  
But ah! she breaths no more on ME!

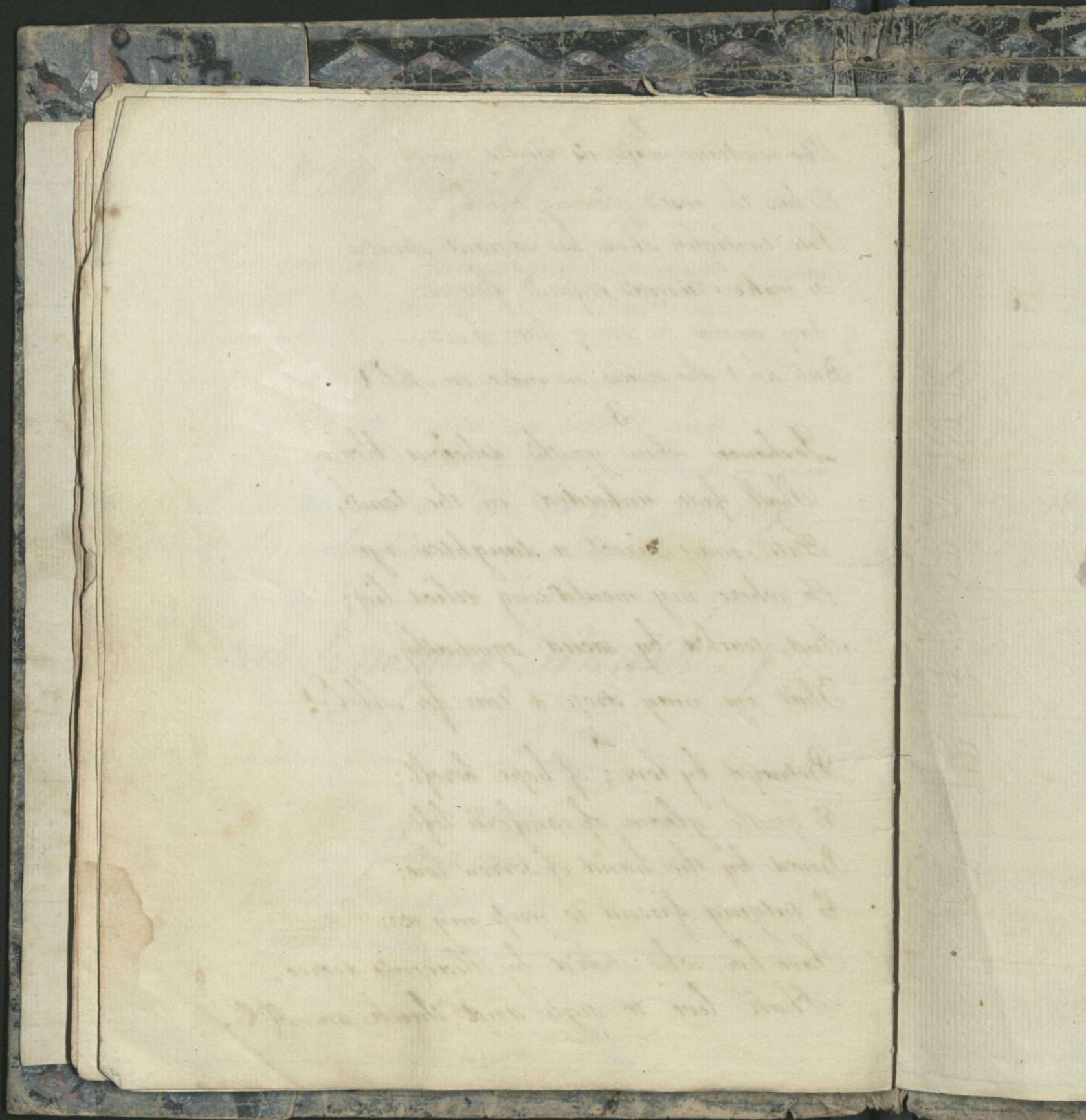


hope!  
The woodbine wafts its odours meek,  
To kiss the rose's glowing cheek;  
Pale twilight sheds her vagrant showers  
To wake Aurora's infant flowers:  
Many smiles on every face I see,  
But ah! she smiles no more on M.E!

3  
Forthance where youth's delicious bloom  
Shall fade unheeded in the tomb,  
Fate may direct a daughter's eye  
To where may mould'ring relics lie;  
And, touch'd by sacred sympathy,  
That eye may drop a tear for M.E!

4  
Betray'd by love; of hope bereft;  
No gentle gleam of comfort left;  
Bound by the hand of sorrow low;  
No pitying friend to weep my woe;  
Save her, who spard by Heaven's decree,  
Shall live to sigh and think on M.E.











$$\begin{array}{r} 48 \\ 260 \\ \hline 264 \\ 262 \\ \hline 260 \end{array}$$

on many barleycon  
 terrestrial globe  
 degree 64th sta

and

The a a

on many boxes  
 killed out of  
 thing 17. 2

$$\begin{array}{r} 15. 3 \\ 24 \\ \hline 28 \\ 50 \\ \hline 120 \\ 280 \\ \hline 291 \end{array}$$

received from Jan  
 ch 12. 1. 10 1000  
 right from my h  
 12. 11. 16 hun

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ 28 \\ \hline 28 \\ 28 \\ \hline 56 \\ 410 \\ \hline 26 \end{array}$$



$$\begin{array}{r} 77 \\ 260 \text{ of each } 320 \\ \hline 260 \\ 260 \\ \hline 520 \end{array}$$

how many barleycorns will reach round  
 terrestrial globe which is 360 degrees  
 1 degree 69 1/2 statute miles 360

and 
$$\begin{array}{r} 25000 \\ 24840 \\ \hline 160 \\ 25000 \\ 190000 \\ \hline 2001600 \end{array}$$
  

$$\begin{array}{r} 22.9184 \\ 25020 \\ \hline 4255801600 \end{array}$$

how many boxes each to hold 24 may  
 filled out of 2 bags of tobacco each  
 weighing 17...

$$\begin{array}{r} 15.8 \\ 28 \\ \hline 150 \\ 120 \\ \hline 271280 \\ 70 \end{array}$$

received from Jamaica 56 hogsheads of sugar  
 each 12... 100 lb being their hundred  
 weight how many hundred weight how many  
 12... 10 hundred weight hereof

$$\begin{array}{r} 56 \\ 12 \\ \hline 672 \\ 100 \\ \hline 67200 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3.2 \\ 100 \\ \hline 320 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3779 \\ 1720 \\ \hline 372 \\ 372 \end{array}$$

How many  
 passed  
 included

If 2 yds  
 coat 1 yd  
 a pair of  
 make c

$$\begin{array}{r} 1760 \\ 2.5 \\ \hline 1-1 \\ 5.1 \end{array}$$

2178.3

How many  
 79...  

$$\begin{array}{r} 24 \\ 107 \\ \hline 107 \end{array}$$



